

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Labor

Fair work for fair wages; it will call what we ask,
For Labor is riches, and Labor is health,
And Labor is duty on earth;
And never was honor, or wisdom, or wealth,
But Labor has been at its birth!
The rich—in his father, his friend, or himself,
By hand have hand themselves toll'd;
And the brow that is comploted over with pell,
By Labor's own sweat has been sold!—Tepper.

Adam Atwater's Achievements and Adventures—An Authentic Account—Ann Anthony, Author. April, anno Domini Aileen Ayley.

Almost an age ago, above at Andover, Adam Atwater, avocation, artist. Able and accomplished, active and ambitious, all admired Adam. An adept at almost anything, Adam also acted as an assistant at an Academy, affording aid at arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, and so forth. Adam's affluent Aunt Almira also abode at Andover, and although austere and arbitrary, and an aristocrat, appreciated Adam's astonishing achievements and abundantly administered aid, assigning an annual allowance. Acholah Ashley, anxious and aimless, artful and audacious, attended Academy, and after awhile attempted attracting and alluring Adam, appearing awfully affectionate, assuming affecting attitudes, and altogether acting abominably. Adam, already affianced, avoided all Acholah's advances, and, although annoyed assiduously, attended accustomed avocation. Again and again Acholah attempted alienating Adam's affection. Adam, always affable and amiable, averse at avenging an affront, and anxiously avoiding an altercation, asked an absence, and about autumn abruptly absconded. Arriving at Australia after awhile, Adam attempted agriculture. Also acted as an attorney, amicably adjusting all annoyances and animosities among Australians. Acholah, ascertaining about Adam's absence, appeared abashed, and actually ate arsenic, and awaited angel's apparel. Anon, acuteague and asthma attacked, and almost annihilated Adam. Anxious Australians attended and administered alleviations and anodynes. Alas! Alas! athletic Adam! Alien and alone, altered and aged amazingly, appetite abating, abject, actually asking alms, and anxious about affianced Aunt Almira. Adam's aspect appeared alarming. After awhile American atmosphere alluring, an accommodating Australian accompanied Adam across Asia, across Atlantic, arriving about April at Andover, at Aunt Almira's abode, attenuated and almost an apparition. Able allopath advised ale, alcohol and active astringents. Arabella and Alton, an author, and Adam's affinity, awestruck and appalled, also affectionately aided. Adam acquiesced timidly. After awhile ate apples, apricots, asparagus, and so forth, albeit ate abstemiously. Afflicted and ill, Adam assayed nullifying allegiance. Arabella, artless and unimpressive as an angel, avowed allegiance, avowing: "Away all absurd arguments! Absence and afflictions abate affection! All apologize avaunt!" "Angelic Arabella," answered Adam, "always admired and adored above all amid all adroit admirers except Adam, and Adam's allies and aids!" "Aye, nay us surely!" asserted Arabella. "Amen," amusingly answered Adam. Accordingly another autumn, Aunt Almira aiding, abetting and accelerating arrangements, Adam and Arabella, at an altar, acknowledged allegiance, and afterward, ailments arrested and appetite augmented, art again absorbed all Adam's attention, and, although an amateur, after awhile attained as an appellation "Another Angelo." Arabella, as an authoress, also acquired applause and approbation. As age advanced, Aunt Almira, ailing and apprehending spleen, adopted Arabella and Adam, and affluence accumulating, authorized Adam's acting as agent at adjusting affairs, altogether an agreeable arrangement all around. Arabella, at articles and anecdotes, Aunt Almira, Adam amused at times adding an Australian adventure, and amid admiring associates and agreeable acquaintances, aunt, artist and authoress alike abide unlasciously and affectionately long time at Andover.

AN APPENDIX.

All alliterations appeared absurd and admit apologetics. Adjectives and adverbs are abused atrociously. Anomalous absurd and are allowable among all able authors. Alieu.

Men are always ashamed of drunken women, but women are not always ashamed of drunken men.

The President's Salary and Emoluments.

The presidential salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year was fixed by Congress when Washington was President. But Washington declined to take it, and from patriotic and disinterested motives gave his time to his country without compensation, requiring simply the payment of his necessary expenses by the Government. It is difficult in those sordid days to find a man who can rise to any adequate conception even of the elevated patriotism and disinterestedness of Washington.

Inasmuch as the Government provides and keeps up a furnished house for the President to live in, and pays the chief part of the expenses of the house, the President of the United States would altogether be the best paid officer in the country with a salary fixed at ten thousand dollars a year. But there has always been a disposition in Congress to exalt the office of President by a profuse lavish of money on it. And although the salary remained for many years at \$25,000 a year, yet the emoluments were from time to time increased until the annual expenses of the Executive Mansion reached about sixty thousand dollars. And in 1873, the President's salary was increased to \$50,000 a year, without any reduction in his emoluments. This excessive increase of the salary and emoluments of the President cannot be accounted for on any other ground than a disposition to exalt him, as far as practicable, into the dignity of a king.

"The natural inclination of mankind to kingly government," mentioned by Dr. Franklin, arises from one of the weakest traits of the human mind, that of hero worship, wholly incompatible with the vigor of thought and manly independence of the true American citizen.—[American Register.]

The New Scientific American Offices.

We are glad to announce that the *Scientific American* came out of the late fire in New York, like fabled Phoenix, with renewed life.

The subscription lists, account books, patent records, patent drawings, and correspondence were preserved in massive fire-proof safes.

The printing of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement* was done in another building; consequently the types, plates, presses, paper, etc., were unharmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned.

The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway, corner of Warren Street, a very central and excellent situation. The new building fronts towards the City Hall, the Court-House, and the New Post-office, a magnificent structure, which cost eight millions to build. Nearly opposite, and few hundred feet distant from the *Scientific American* offices, is the entrance to the great Suspension Bridge over the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, which required ten years to construct and twenty millions of dollars to pay for. The new offices are admirably chosen for active business. Here, in addition to the issuing of their interesting publications, Messrs. Munn & Co., aided by trained examiners and draftsmen, prepare specifications and drawings for American and Foreign patents. If any of our readers should happen to make a new discovery (we hope every one of them may do so, and gain a fortune) they have only to drop a line to Munn & Co., 261 Broadway, New York, who will reply at once, without charge, stating whether the invention is probably novel and patentable. A handbook of instructions, with full particulars, will also be sent, free. Messrs. Munn & Co. have had over thirty-five years' experience in the business.

CONVERSATIONALISTS.—Metternich

once said: In my whole life I have

only known ten or twelve persons

with whom it is pleasant to speak—

that is, who keep to the subject, do

not repeat themselves and do not

talk of themselves; men who do not

listen to their own voice, who are

cultivated enough not to lose them-

selves in common places; and lastly,

who possess tact and good sense

enough not to elevate their own per-

son above their subjects.

Gentlemen, explained the young man,

"you must excuse me. I wanted the

porter, who was in the 'forard' end of

the car, to make up my bed, and

thought that if I pulled the rope that

would fetch him."

A queer and fatal disease has made

its appearance among the mules in

Buchanan county, Mo. They work

well and feed all right up to the

very moment of their death, which comes

as suddenly as if struck by lightning.

Post mortem examination shows a

bunch of worms in the stomach, from

which it is supposed death is caused.

—[K. C. Times.]

Something for Nothing.

All newspaper publishers have had experience with men who want to advertise themselves or their business in newspapers without cost to themselves. It is pitiable to see the shabby means they take to attain the end they have in view. Men, who would feel insulted if they were called dead beats, will with bland effrontry ask a publisher to "please mention so and so" (an advertisement), or, handing in what is really an advertisement under the guise of a communication, they will say, "Here's a little item that will help you to fill up with." Men who do this—and there are some in every town—call themselves honorable and would not think of asking a real estate owner to let them use one of his houses a few months for nothing; nor would they ask him to let them cultivate and use a part of his farm, without expecting to have to pay rent for it.

The advertising column of his paper is to the publisher what the house or farm is to the real-estate owner—his source of income. Why any one

should expect the newspaper publisher to be more generous in squandering his substance than other business men is something that cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that some people have an idiotic idea

that printers set up type for the love

of the work, and that ink and type

and printing presses are gifts from

heaven to sinful men, who publish

newspapers merely for the purpose of

smoothing the gateway of their fellow-

men on the rugged road to fortune,

and who hope for reward this side of

the grave.—[Texas Siftings.]

Tied Him Wrong.

Ben Selby, of Ripleyville, recently purchased a horse for his own use, but before closing the trade he asked the owner of the horse if he would jump. "Yes," replied the horse man, "he's a great jumper; but if you tie a hickory withie around his neck, right tight, he won't try to jump."

The trade was closed, and Ben took his new purchase home with him. He cut a hickory withie, tied it around his horse's neck, and turned him out to graze. When he was tired of his confinement, he walked up to a tolerably high fence, thrived up the yoke and jumped it clear, much to Ben's astonishment and disappointment.

Within a few days Ben met the gentleman from whom he had purchased the horse, and told him about the animal jumping the fence.

"That's strange," said the sharp horse trader; "did you tie the hickory withie around his neck as I told you?"

"Yes," said Ben; "but he walked up to the fence, thrived up his head and loped right over."

"What! Did you cut the withie?"

"Why, of course I did."

"Well, that accounts for it. If you had left it growing in the ground, as you ought to have done, he wouldn't have tried to jump."

Ben saw the point, and realizing that he was beaten, he resolved to make the best of his trade. He knows now how to prevent a horse from jumping, and recommends the remedy to all his friends who have jumping horses.—[Anderson News.]

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It is a mistake to think of the present

Chief of the Cherokee as a

proud savage, with feathers in his hair

and a tomahawk in his hand. A man

who lately saw him says: "I found a

polished and highly educated gentle-

man. He was dressed in broadcloth,

with faultless linen front, from which

sparkled a brilliant emerald."

The peppermint crop of the United

States reaches about 70,000 pounds a

year, of which 30,000 pounds are ex-

ported. Two-thirds of the pepper-

mint oil of this country is produced in

New York, and about one-third in

Michigan.

A SMALLPOX PREVENTIVE.—A cor-

respondent sends in the following: "There is

no better or surer protection from small-

pox than Dr. Barbs' Prophylactic Fluid (as

unfailingly as Fate.) A wonderful healing

remedy and a most powerful disinfectant

that will effectually eradicate the germs of

disease, prevent its spreading and effect a

cure, and is perfectly safe to use. It is en-

dorsed and recommended by eminent phy-

siicians and chemists."

FEES AND DOCTORS.—The fees of doctors

is an item that very many persons are in-

terested in just at present. We believe

the schedule for visits is \$3, which would

tax a man confined to his bed for a year,

and in need of daily visits, over \$1,000 a

year for medical attendance alone. And

one single bottle of Hipp Bitter taken in

time would save the \$1,000 and all the

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 17, 1882

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

A WASHINGTON correspondent has interviewed the office seekers from Kentucky on the Jacobs candidacy for the Court of Appeals, and they all say in substance that they are for the man who wore the blue. Colonel Faulkner, of Garrard, who is there trying for a Marshalship, says: "I am always in favor of a union soldier over a confederate." That's the feeling of all republicans and on the rule of judging other people by themselves, they attribute a like feeling to the democrat who fought for the lost cause. But the true democrat is above that. He judges a man's qualifications by his actions of the past, and not by the clothes he wore twenty years ago.

It is said that there are grave grounds for impeachment against the Supreme Court of Tennessee. The decision against the act compromising the debt of the State at 3 per cent. interest, is charged as not only being contrary to law, but that it was made and given out in advance of its formal announcement, to be used for stock jobbing purposes. It is just as like as not that the charges are true. The people have lost their confidence in the integrity and uprightness of judges since the infamous decision in the Electoral Commission.

The Glasgow Times talks horse sense like this: "It is about time to abandon the declaration that Kentucky's honor is bound up in the payment of the expenses of the military expedition to Yorktown. Gov. Blackburn's pledge that the State would meet any reasonable expenditure, was altogether gratuitous. He had no more authority to pledge the credit of the State than the coroner of Greenup county. All schemes which foretell the action of the people, should be effectually quelled.

JUDGE HINES, of the Appellate Bench, is health-seeking in Florida. The Legislature should pass a law at its present session to prevent anyone hereafter from running for Appellate Judge, who does not present a doctor's certificate that he is sound in wind, limb and so forth, and who does not sign an obligation that the public's business shall have precedence over his own private affairs. If they will do this, a Superior Court will never be thought of again.

Since a number of children of a public school in Montreal were disengaged with mustard plasters on various portions of their bodies, as a punishment for breaking the rules, a society for the prevention of cruelty to children has been formed. The originator and champion user of the above novel mode of punishment, is a woman, who was very promptly shot from her position.

The Owensboro Post in speaking of county attorneys, very truly says that a proper discharge of the duties of their office demands the best order of legal talent. That officer is called on to represent the fiscal interests of the county and also the Commonwealth in the most important criminal cases. In so doing he must contend with the best lawyers at the bar.

Those who paid \$10 to \$25 for tickets to hear Patti sing at the Cincinnati Opera Festival, are likely to fail to get even a glimpse of the famous, though naughty prima donna. She has a little sore throat; that is, she says she has, but the ticket holders don't believe it, and think that a bird that can and won't sing, ought to be made to.

To Governor Blackburn's abuse of the pardoning power is attributed the flood of crime that is now deluging the State, from one end to the other. He is the friend that stands between the criminals and danger, and he has never yet been known to go back on one, when in distress.

BURKHARD answers Duke in another of his tame effusions. The old butcher is well aware that all that is said against him by Confederates strengthens him with the administration, and he therefore courts abuse from that quarter.

A PETITION 5,000 feet long asking the abolition of the unjust two-cent-stamp-tax on bank checks has been presented to Congress. It is thought that the tax will be repealed during the present session.

The Louisville Commercial ceases giving the Jacobites tatty long enough to rage like a heathen over the proposed new apportionment bill. We suppose its wants, but pshaw, it don't know itself what it does want.

There are strong evidences of an approaching panic in the New York stock market.

The New York Sun warns the republican party as follows: "The subsidy and loan policy was tried between 1866 and 1874, and it worked destruction on its promoters. It overthrew the republican majority in both Houses of Congress. It elected a democratic president in 1876. Secor Reuben invites the republican party, with such democrats in Congress as are disposed to fall into line, to return to the methods and purposes of Grantism. The very appearance of this man's impudent face, still flushed with the stolen wine of the old debauches, ought to shame the republican leaders back into their senses."

The Tammany members of the New York Legislature have gone squarely over to the republicans, and now if the democratic party has the backbone to kick John Kelly clean out of it, it will save time, trouble and principle. Honoring the old traitor, and allowing Tilden to take a back seat instead of giving him the Presidential nomination in 1880, very probably lost us the last election.

The Agricultural and Mechanical College at Lexington was dedicated Wednesday, the whole legislature leaving their business to attend. Watson made a capital speech, and so did several others, while quite a number of others got drunk. The spread cost the city of Lexington many a dollar which would have been better applied in remodeling her topple down old Court-house.

SENATORS Ridleberger and Smith had some hot words in a debate in the Virginia Legislature, Tuesday, and for a while the pale face of the moon was o'ercast with blood, but friends interfered and the threatened duel was prevented, much to the disgust of those who would like to see a couple of repudiators blow each other's brains out.

It is said that Dr. Standiford is willing to have Gubernatorial hours thrust upon him. He is a level-headed man, and would fill the office admirably, but he'll have to drop the title of "Doctor" if he wants office in this State. Dr. Blackburn has sickened the people out on Doctors.

THE Louisville Commercial puts the conundrum: "Does not the desire to establish a Superior Court carry with it the inference that our Court of Appeals is perhaps an inferior sort of a Court?" It do, sir, it do for a fact.

Action of Democratic Committee.

Some dissatisfaction having been expressed at the change of the voting place from Turnersville to McElroy, a meeting of the Committee was called, when it was ordered that the former action be rescinded and that the vote at the approaching primary election be taken at the usual place in Turnersville. By order of the Committee. W. G. WALTON, Chmn.

LEGISLATIVE.

The Legislature was not in session Wednesday, having gone in a body to eat Lexington's bribe for the continuance of the unconstitutional tax for the A. and M. College.

Senator Blain had his bill to give W. G. Dunn, of Garrard, an 18-year-old minor, the right to transact business in his own name, passed by the Senate, notwithstanding the committee had reported adversely on it.

A bill is being discussed in the House to give Circuit Clerk's 20 per cent. of the fines and forfeitures which may hereafter be paid by virtue of any judgment in favor of the Commonwealth in their respective Courts.

A resolution to request our Senators and Representatives in Congress to have a law passed to give the States one-sixth of all the revenue derived from tax on whisky and other liquors, to be used for Common School purposes, is before the House.

A bill was offered in the Senate yesterday to put Trustees of the Jury Fund in all other counties on a par with that of Jefferson county by increasing their commissions from three to five per cent., but the Senate wisely took the short-cut by reducing the commission of the latter office from five to three per cent.—[Courtesy of JOURNAL.]

The House passed a bill which will make it a little harder for aspiring youths and others to obtain license to practice law. It provides that the applicant must have a certificate from the county court that he has studied law for two years; that he is a man of probity, honesty, and good character, and he is then to appear before a board appointed by the circuit court for examination; and if said board passes upon his capacity, the circuit clerk is to issue his license. He is to pay the clerk \$10 for his license, and at the end of six months the clerk is to pay all of said fees over to the examiners for their benefit.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Venner says this week will close with a big, general snow storm. Wild geese are going north, which indicates that cold weather is over. Jacob Gessert, ex-Chief of the Cincinnati police, shot his head off yesterday.

The Ohio House has passed a bill prohibiting the killing of quail in that State till 1883.

Mrs. Garfield very emphatically dares that she has petitioned the President to pardon the assassin of her husband.

Seven of the prisoners confined in the Mt. Sterling jail made their escape night before last by cutting through two thicknesses of plank and removing bricks in the wall.

—There is a decided panic in the Cotton market, occasioned by the recent heavy decline in prices.

—Fire men were run over and killed by a train in a tunnel of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad.

—The President has nominated John C. New, editor of the Indianapolis Journal, for Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

—The Grand Jury of Hanover county, Va., is investigating the recent duel fought there between Wise and Ridleberger.

—A court-martial for the trial of Sergeant Mason, who shot at the assassin Gurnett, is to meet in Washington on the 20th inst.

—Lexington was fined \$500 in the Circuit Court for permitting the obstruction of Broadway street by noisy and disorderly crowds.

—The House Committee on Agriculture reported a bill to create a new executive department to be known as the Department of Agriculture.

—Five thousand people attended the opening night of the opera festival in Cincinnati. Patti was sick on the second night and did not appear.

—The House Committee on Agriculture reported a bill to create a new executive department to be known as the Department of Agriculture.

—Representative Carlisle has introduced a bill in Congress for the reduction of the tax on whisky to fifty cents per gallon, and for removing all limit to the bonded period.

—An eight-year-old boy died at Point St. Charles, Canada, from excessive use of liquor. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of willful murder against the persons who gave him the liquor.

—At Raleigh, N. C., yesterday, while Eldridge Blake and a man named Peebles, both white, were carrying Henry Jones, a negro cattle thief to a magistrate for trial, Jones shot and killed Blake and escaped.

—A fire at Versailles Sunday night destroyed three business houses owned by L. Woodbridge, Governor Thomas H. Porter, Mrs. M. C. Turner, and the dwelling of Miss Susie Sublett. Loss about ten thousand dollars; insurance \$5,100.

—The Willard Hotel Lottery Drawing has been again postponed. This time the excuse is that the Court of Appeals has not decided the legality of the lottery grant. Persons holding tickets will soon be raising a howl about these everlasting postponements.

—Gen. Buell and Col. Folk Johnson would not be a bad gubernatorial team. How many papers in Western Kentucky will unite with that ticket? It will be the blending of the "blue and the gray" and will give a Western Kentucky man the first place on the ticket.—[South Kentucky.]

—The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided the funding bill unconstitutional solely because the coupons were made receivable for taxes for ninety-nine years, the Funding Board has applied to the court to amend the decree so as to permit the funding without the tax coupon feature.

—Gov. Cornell of New York, has proclaimed the town of Greenwood, Steuben county, in a state of insurrection. The trouble is the Greenwoodites want to repudiate \$80,000 of bonds they subscribed to a railroad, which they claim, was never built. They have armed themselves and have been actively resisting the payment of interest with shot guns.

—Tammany has gone over to the Republicans in both houses of the Legislature. Johnson, republican, was elected clerk by the help of Tammany. In the Senate Mr. Poole called up his resolution to vest the appointment of committees in the Lieutenant Governor. The three Tammany Senators voted with the republicans and adopted the resolution, and the Lieutenant Governor will now appoint the standing committees.

—Col. Thomas Laurens Jones, in a letter to the South Kentucky, very effectively disposes of all objections to his conduct at the late Frankfort convention. He was not a delegate at all, and never sought to influence the delegates from Campbell and Kenton counties. He is a dignified gentleman always and does the fair thing everywhere. The people do not easily belong to the office-seeker or office-holder, and they will have something to say in the next race for Governor.—[Owensboro Post.]

—It is reported that the Ways and Means Committee will recommend a reduction in internal revenue taxation to an amount aggregating \$30,000,000. This result it is proposed to attain by reducing the tax on whisky and tobacco, and by abolishing the tax on bank checks, matches and proprietary articles. The appropriations for the support of the Government for the next year will be \$135,000,000, exclusive of pensions, which may be estimated at \$60,000,000, and of interest on public debt, which may be estimated at \$60,000,000—in all \$255,000,000.

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—Lincoln County, Highland.

—D. A. Baugh sold \$900 worth of cut shingles last week.

—Eld. Joseph Ballou preached a very interesting discourse at Mt. Moriah, last Sunday.

—Died last week, Leonard, son of W. O. Watts. His remains were deposited at the M. E. Church.

—Mrs. Walls, mother of E. G. Wells, returned from Kansas a short time ago.... L. P. Baugh has been visiting at this place during the past week.

—Wm. Young, of College Hill, Ky., has sold his mill and property, and will soon leave his native State and move to Texas, instead of going to Eubanks Station, Ky.

—H. P. Young and John Butt have formed a partnership in the goods business at this place. H. P. Young went to Louisville last week to purchase their stock.

—R. R. Hagan sold a horse a few days ago to W. R. Cook, for \$150. Adam Peeler sold his farm on Buck Creek, a few days ago to a Laurel county man, for \$150 cash.

The wholesale value of oysters sold annually in Boston is \$705,000, in New York, \$2,750,000, and in Philadelphia, \$2,750,000.

Two lives were not lost, but saved, by a railroad accident at Newcomerstown, Ohio. A freight car was smashed by a collision, and in it were found two men insensible from cold. They had sneaked in for a free ride, the door had been locked, and, as they lay near the roof on some cotton bales, without room to move their limbs, a night at zero would have killed them if they had not by chance been discovered.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 17, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARO.

Passenger trains North..... 12 45 e. m.

" South 2 00 "

LOCAL NOTICES.

NICK Lard at A. Owlesley's.

IRISH POTATOES at Asher Owlesley's.

SEEK THAT CORN DRILL at Asher Owlesley's.

VERY best patent Flour at A. Owlesley's.

OLIVER and Champion Plows at W. H. Higgins'.

FINE Cigars and Tobacco at McAlister & Stagg's.

TIMOTHY and Clover Seed for sale by Asher Owlesley.

HAMILTON STEEL PLOWS always on hand at A. Owlesley's.

SEED Oats and Clover and Timothy Seed at W. H. Higgins'.

BUY Louisville Head-light Oil, 175 test, from Penny & McAlister.

BUCKWHEAT Flour, Oat Meal, Cracked Wheat, &c., at W. H. Higgins'.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

WEST VIRGINIA HEADLIGHT OIL, 25 cents a gallon, at McAlister & Stagg's.

YOU will find the best 5-cent and 2-for-5-cent cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

A fine line of Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Hair, Nail, Tooth and Clothes Brushes, very cheap, at Penny & McAlister's.

PERSONAL.

—MR. GEORGE H. BRUCE is down with a severe cold.

—MISS RHODA LUNSFORD has returned from a protracted visit to Missouri.

—MISS MARY NEWLAND, who has been teaching school at Burgin, returned home yesterday.

—MR. JOSIAH E. FARNIS is able to hobble around on crutches, after a confinement of six or eight weeks with his sprained ankles.

—MR. SMITH BAINBRIDGE brought his lovely bride home, Tuesday evening, accompanied by Misses Adele Thorel, Sallie Harlan and Luella Bright and their beau.

—MR. REUBEN ENGLEMAN has moved his family to the Waters' place on the Danville pike, some six miles from town. The young folks will miss Miss Laura greatly.

—MR. CHARLES H. WERN, sole editor, proprietor, type-setter and traveling correspondent of the Lancaster *Enterprise*, smiled on the citizens of Stanford, a few days ago.

—MRS. J. M. WRAY and family arrived from Bloomington, Ill., Tuesday. The little girls that she carried away return to us grown into handsome ladies. They all think there's no place like "our old Kentucky home."

—MR. W. E. PERKINS, of Bee Lick, in renewing his subscription, says he would not do without our paper for double the amount it costs. And yet some people complain that we ask only 50 cents more for two than for one paper a week.

—MR. SAM BURDETTE, of Mt. Vernon, is here looking about him. The woods are said to be full of candidates for Congress up that way, and Mr. Burdette's name is often and prominently mentioned for the position. His party might go further and far worse.—[Frankfort Cor. Law Com.]

—WILL A. MONKOW, a talented young lawyer of Somerset, and a sprightly correspondent of the *Lexington Journal*, is a guest of Mr. Geo. G. Helm near town. This is a right good place for a lawyer to locate, and I am sure the surroundings would be pleasant for him.—[Lexington Cor. Dauphine Advocate.]

LOCAL MATTERS.

FRESH Bread and Cakes at all times at Dawson Bros'.

A choice lot of both straight and flat-out meat at McAlister & Bright's.

THE Turnpike bridge at the Junction was expected to leave at any moment last night.

THE proprietors of the Lincoln Mills wish it understood that they sell no flour by retail.

APPLES, Bananas, Coconuts, Oranges, and Lemons, just received at McAlister & Bright's.

THE Committee has changed the voting place for the Turnersville precinct from McKinney back to Turnersville.

In the heavy rain of yesterday was general, Lincoln farmers are out of pocket by loss of fence and washed land many thousands of dollars.

SAVE COST.—Our business must be retold up before the Quarterly Court in March. We do not want to warrant any body, but we must have our money. McAlister & Lytle.

DR. F. O. YOUNG has been appointed to the position of Examining Surgeon for pension claimants in this county, and all who formerly came to Dr. Craig for examination will now go to Dr. Y. at Lancaster.

It costs about \$50 per year to carry \$2,000 on your life in the Knights of Honor, and the thing is growing worse. Our advice to those who have not been bitten, is to steer clear of all mutual insurance concerns. They are a delusion and a snare.

CHEAP COAL.—War has broken out between the coal dealers in Stanford, and consumers are as usual, the gainers. The price has dropped from 20 to 10 and 17 cents, with a prospect of going lower. Hurrah for Davis. Three cheers for Nunnelley.

THE SHANKS MURDER.—There have been no fresh developments in this matter, but there are rumors afoot that a flood-gate of light will be unloosed at the examining trial of the negro Henry Johnson to-day. It is not thought that he is the perpetrator of the deed, but that he knows all about it, is almost certain. The real murderer is said to be a white man, and the same who has been suspected of the numerous other robberies in that end of the country. The County Attorney, Mr. Miller, intends to make a searching investigation, and if possible bring the right man to justice.

PARTIES can be supplied with shelled corn at the Lincoln Mills.

GRAND Skating Tournament at the Rink Friday night. Admission 25 cents.

IMPORTED GERMAN KRAUT, Pickled Turnips, &c., at McAlister & Bright's.

MR. J. T. HARRIS still keeps a full line of provisions. When in want of anything to eat, you can get it by calling on him.

THE whole face of the country is covered with water, and we only need the boats to make our town look like the ancient Venice.

JUNIA HUNT is starring in Pennsylvania, this week. Next month she will appear at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati.

OUR splendid Merchant Tailor, Mr. H. C. Rupley, has been receiving new Spring and Summer goods for the last two weeks, and you would do well to call on him and get first choice.

COL. BRADLEY, of Lancaster, who was here yesterday, gave it as his opinion that there would be a hung jury in the Austin case. We hope, however, for the sake of justice and law that the Col. is for once mistaken.

RAIN! RAIN!! RAIN!!!—If it were not for the Biblical promise that the earth shall no more be destroyed by a flood, we know of many people who would be looking around pretty lively for an ark to take refuge in.

In a telegram to the *Courier-Journal*, W. H. Miller says that "the County Attorney either knows nothing or refuses to talk." Now, if we were Miller, and that confounded County Attorney would not talk to us, we would give him such a shaking up that he would be glad to chat afterwards.

WATER SHOT.—The rain yesterday came down in torrents, causing St. Asaph's branch and other water courses to get on the biggest kind of a "high." Uncle Pate Embry, who is the oldest man in the world, says that the town branch was never as high before. The bridge at the foot of Lancaster street was washed away, and water gates and much fencing along its course were swept off, creating great damage. For several hours the usually modest little stream looked much like the raging Niagara below its falls.

We stepped into Mr. J. W. Hayden's Dry Goods store yesterday, and Mr. J. W. Rout, his attentive clerk, showed us some beautiful goods they had just gotten in, consisting of black and cream Spanish and Dentelle Mirecourt and Coralline Lace; Pillowcases and Valenclences Laces of every description; Chenille and Silk Collarettes; the Barnhardt 3-button Kid Gloves, and a very handsome lot of cloth and glove-kid top Ladies' Shoes. They invite the ladies to call at once and examine these new and elegant goods, the like of which has not been seen in this market before.

Two negroes, Jim Ingram and Jim Embry, have been arrested and are now in jail for the murder of John Carr last Sunday night. The Coroner's jury has had several meetings and examined a number of witnesses, but being unable yet to find a verdict, has adjourned till Saturday. There is no direct evidence so far against either of the men arrested, though enough of auspicious circumstances have been revealed to hold them for examination. The bottom of the whole matter seems to have been in a church quarrel. John Carr, who was a respectable and honest man, and a steward in the church, objected to such penitentiary birds as Ingram and Embry, both have served terms for stealing, exercising as much church authority as they imposed on themselves, and a bad feeling had been smoldering in their breasts for some time, and there are rumors afoot that they had made threats against him. Ingram's actions on Sunday night and Monday morning are much against him, and although "he doth over much protest" his innocence, he may yet feel the latter draw. The colored people are greatly excited, and whispers of mobbing the guilty party are heard.

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MARRIAGES.

RAMSEY—FOLEY.—In Cincinnati, Tuesday, Mr. Louis H. Ramsey, the celebrated half-blind singer, of this place, and Miss Lucy A. Foley, of Lexington, were united in marriage. We congratulate Mr. Ramsey, on winning so attractive a partner, and trust that our dubious himself he will also double his business. They will arrive today, to spend a week with the group's parents.

Mr. A. D. Powell and Miss Sallie Mobley, of Irvine, Ky., aged respectively, 18 and 16, eloped Thursday night with the intention of going to Jeffersonville, Ind., and getting married, but being truthful children, they could not tell a lie when the Clerk of the marriage, and the document was refused them. They returned to Louisville, and from thence went to Lexington, where they will get the help of friends

and try their fortune in Cincinnati. They are said to be the greenest couple that ever left home.

DEATHS.

—VANDEVER.—Mrs. Vandever, the venerable mother of our townsmen, Mr. D. W. Vandever, died at her home in Casey county, Wednesday. A good old mother in Zion has gone to her reward at the ripe old age of over four score.

RELIGIOUS.

—Centenary Methodist church, at Richmond, Va., will have a chime of bells to cost \$7,000.

—BISHOP SCOTT, the oldest Bishop of the M. E. Church, is dying at the home of his daughter in Delaware. His age is 82.

—REV. C. W. MILLER, of the South Methodist church, who has been dangerously ill in Lexington, with pneumonia, is convalescing.

—A Baptist minister immersed eleven persons in five minutes at Clarinda, Iowa, wading in and out of the stream with each. It was a freezing day, and he had good reason for haste.

—REV. C. J. FLOWERS, pastor of the Main Street M. E. Church, of Covington, wrote a powerful revival in his church. Within a few weeks 29 have professed sanctification, 55 experienced conversion, and 89 have joined the church.

—The Interest in the Revised New Testament was short lived, and there is about as much prospect now of its being adopted as the only true translation as last year's almanac is to be used for this. Publishers did well though as they shored through about 2,500,000 at three or four times the cost of their manufactory.

—Mr. Barnes is preaching this week at the old Metropolitan Theatre, where crowds still flock to hear him. It is said that he will probably bring his labors to a close in Louisville about the 23d of this month. That being the anniversary of his consecration to the evangelistic work, he says that he ought to make a new start for something higher on that day.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—J. W. Allen bought of T. L. Carpenter, 20 head of cattle at \$41.50.

—Stone and Jack hills, printed hand-somely and cheaply at this office.

—One out of thirteen sheep was all the dogs left Mr. John W. Sharp, of Fayette county, a few nights since.

—F. D. Albright, of this county, bought of Mr. Taylor, of Boyle, 50 tons of hay at 50 cents per hundred pounds.

—It is estimated that holders of cotton at Memphis have lost over half a million dollars by a recent decline in that staple.

—The administrator of Samuel Givens and others sold to Proctor, of O., 1,500 acres of knob land in Casey, for \$1,000.

—John Woods has an ewe that has produced nine lambs within twenty-four months, and all were raised but one, which was killed.—[Somerset Reporter.]

—MONK BURDETTE.—On Sunday night, J. R. Napier, hearing a noise on his premises, went out to investigate. He soon discovered the marauder apparently crouching in the shadow of his smoke-house. Jim at once opened fire with his revolver, emptying every chamber at point blank range. The next morning he went out to identify the corpse. It was no there; but Tom Goode's haggard was, and riddled with balls. No inquest.

—AN AMUSING writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, dating from somewhere in Tennessee, is bugling indignation against the intensely monstrous fraud upon the Government meditated by Ridgway, as shadowed forth in his design of securing and concealing the mortal remains of Guiteau, and exhibiting the same as a source of private revenue. The writer justly—and apparently conscientiously—argues that if anybody has a right to run this show, the United States is the man. He angles and logically contends that since it will cost the nation a large amount to kill the carcass and peltry. He further intimates that this thing well managed could be made the means of extinguishing the national debt, especially if we can obtain a sort of international copyright, securing to the American people the exclusive control of such exhibition, and protecting us against all bogus imitations. Evidently the interest and the dignity of the nation demand that this question should be gravely considered.

—ATTENTION MULE MEN.—Remember the sale of B. F. Hudson, two miles from Lancaster, on the Danville pike, Feb. 21. He has for sale one pair good work mules and eight yearlings ready for work.

—AT Shelbyville, Monday, the following sales were made: Ten head 1,000 pound feeding cattle at \$15.12 per head; ten good aged mules, ranging from \$75 to \$130.50; 40 rough yearlings and two-year-olds, from \$15 to \$25.

—IT is estimated that over 500,000 sawlogs passed Cynthion for the Evansville market during the past six months. More than half of these have been white oak and poplar. This immense number of logs have turned into the hands of log dealers about \$2,000,000.—[McLean County Press.]

—LEXINGTON COURT DAY.—There were 400 and 500 cattle on the market, but a good many were left over. No extra quality of cattle, prices ranging from 3 to 4½. Seventy-five to 100 miles on the market, selling from \$125 to \$150 per head. A great many common horses, selling from \$20 to \$100 per head.

—CINCINNATI.—The cattle market remains steady at \$2.25 to \$3.50 for common; \$3 to \$4.50 for fair to choice butchers; feeding steers \$1.50 to \$2.25; stockers, \$3 to \$2.25. Hogs are active and firm at \$7.15 to \$7.50 for selected butchers and heavy shipper; common, \$5.50 to \$6.25. Sheep are in fair demand at 3½ to 5½ cents; lambs are scarce at 4 to 5½.

—THE Skating Tournament to-night promises to be a very grand affair. Already there are more than a dozen bona fide entrances, and judging from the skill and swiftness shown at practice Wednesday night, some fun may be expected. One man took all his rings and made three circuits in 25 seconds, which beats anything done at the last tournament. The programme for to-night, as arranged by the Committee, is as follows: Doors open at 7, from which time till 8, regular skating will be enjoyed. Promptly at 8, the floor will be cleared and preparations for the Tournament begin. Each contestant will be allowed one swing around the ring previous to the tap of the drum. With this signal the start will be given, and the rings are to be taken on the first round. Two more rounds are to be run and the award is to be governed by the number of rings considered with the time made. There will be three disinterested judges, who will make the awards and decide all points of dispute. In the ladies ring there are to be at least five contestants. As this entertainment is the last of the kind of the season a big crowd is expected. Admission both to floor and gallery, 25 cents. None admitted free.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 17, 1882

THE OLD RANGER'S STORY.

By F. TARRANT.

(For the Interior Journal.)

PART SECOND.

"Early in the Spring of 1875, a party of about nine, mostly young men or boys, came into Eastern Texas from Western Louisiana, ostensibly to explore Western Texas. They were a boating set, and seemed anxious to find and fight Indians. Tom Johnson, Bob Parker, Frank Adams and myself, were employed to go with them as guides. We started from Shelby county, and nothing happened of consequence till we had been out some three or four weeks. On a bright moonshining night we were encamped in a beautiful grove, on the Clear Fork of Trinity, in Tarrant county, fourteen miles Northwest of Fort Worth, near where the village of Dido now stands. A party of Comanches made a fierce charge upon us, killing one of the Louisiana boys and took two of their horses. The conflict was severe, and the Louisianians fought like wild cats, but they were fighting for dear life. We held our position, but the next morning all their boasted valor had leaked out. They had seen enough of Texas, its prairies, and its Indians, and were ready to return to Louisiana, and back they went. We four comrades kept company with them on their return till news reached us that the Indians had made a raid on the Elm Fork of Trinity, killing old man Jim Hicks, and all his family. We started to see about it, and fell in with Capt. Jack Benson's company of rangers and joined them in pursuit of the enemy, caught up with them, and had several fights; myself and companions getting a number of scalps. (We scalped in those days.) We remained with Benson's company till fall—scouting on the Wichita and to the Round Timbers, Double Mounds, &c., when we returned to the white settlements near Fort Worth, in Tarrant county. We arrived on Thursday, and on Friday, a Methodist Camp Meeting commenced. The return of four noted rangers with a goodly number of scalps created a considerable stir, and we were much lionized by the citizens. On Saturday we attended the meeting, which was conducted by the circuit rider, W. G. Veal, a talented and rising young minister, assisted by an older local preacher. Now, it happened that I recognized this old man an old acquaintance in early days in Western Louisiana, and was apprised of the fact that he had left there for personal safety, and the State's good; the grand jury having found a true bill against him for stealing hogs. He saw me in the congregation and came direct to me, being overjoyed to see me. He introduced me to the young ladies all around, and recommended me so much higher than I deserved, causing me to fare so well, that I didn't have the heart to hint any thing about the hog master. You bet I enjoyed myself hugely. Myself and cronies had been so long on the frontier that we were getting very dry. So on Saturday morning, we dispatched a courier to Dallas, some forty miles distant, for a two gallon jug of whisky, and received it Sunday night. We bid it some four hundred yards from camp, in some mesquite brush. The next morning it was gone. When the congregation was called together, we saw our jug in the pulpit. Before opening services, the old preacher placed it on the stand, and called the attention of the people to the fact that somebody had found some lost property, and desired the owner to come forward and claim property."

The real owners looked wishfully at the jug, but, though had met the Comanche on many bloody fields, could not muster sufficient courage on such an occasion to go forward and claim that kind of property with the eyes of the beautiful girls leveled upon us. A thirty soul by the name of John Welborn (uncle of the Hon. Olin Welborn,) was more spunk. Arising in a distant part of the congregation, he came forward, exclaiming, "Let me see whether it is mine or not." He unstopped the jug, took a big horn, shook his head, remarking: "It is not mine; mine was better than this."

That night after services were over, we pegged on the pulpit, the following:

NOTICE—I have lost property back where found, as the owner being well acquainted with the country is likely to come back to the same spot. We never saw our jug any more. I was young then, and perhaps inharitable; but I could not help suspending that the old hog thief enjoyed his contents.

On Tuesday, J. G. Walker, old man Welborn and Josh Lanly, wishing to celebrate our safe return, give us a big dinner four miles from the camp meeting. A dance also opened, with my brother Eli Ramly, a noted fiddler, officiating. The youngsters commenced attending our barbecue and dance. On Wednesday, another barbecue was continued by Col. M. T. Johnson and others. By night, I and Tom Johnson decided that we had the camp meeting congregation. The next day, Col. Nat. Terry, and others gave another dinner with the usual accompaniment, and Tom and I wrote an invitation to Larson Veal to attend, as we had his crowd. He replied that the camp meeting was broken up, but he was going on his circuit. We thought it time now to play quits; we were even. They got our jug; we captured their congregation.

Twenty years afterwards, Capt. W. G. Veal, in the meantime having become eminent as a citizen, minister and soldier, at a camp meeting in Eliz. county, not knowing that I was in the country, in a sermon expostulated on the sinfulness of dancing and as a proof of its fascinating temptation, told of having had a camp meeting broken up by a dance headed by the noted Ranger, Tom Ramly and his cronies, many years previous, in Tarrant county. As soon as services were over, I walked up to him, slapped him on the shoulder and remarked:

"Parson, wrinkles and gray hairs have slightly disfigured me, but I am still in the ring, and I live in this country." He greeted me heartily, and the next day from the stand, he pointed me out in the congregation, as the old ranger, who, in connection with his brother, Eli Ramly, celebrated fiddler, could draw a larger crowd than a camp meeting.

The old ranger closed, and relapsed into a morose state. I supposed remorse for interfering with a religious meeting was gnawing at his vitals, and was about to make some inquiries to that effect, when a side glance in a six shooter on the table caused me to desist.

Very anxious for A Son-in-Law.

"Boss," said a colored man, "I wish that you'd stay in the paper dat I've got a fine gal down ter my house."

"How much does she weigh? It is customary, you know, to give the number of pounds," said the editor.

"Limy see, I don know, zackly. Jis say dat she's big enough fur all practical purposes."

"Didu you weigh her?"

"Oh, yes, sah; weighed her, but I forget, its been so long ago."

"Why, how old is the girl?"

"Bout—limy see—she were born bout de bergrinius' ob de wah."

"Why, I thought that she had just been born, and that you wanted a birth notice."

"No, sah. I wants a notice what'll fetch men aroun' ter my house. De lack is, boss, dat I'so tired ob de gal an' wants to get her offen my hands."

Jes say dnt she's a likely 'oman, an' will make any man a good wife. She ain't got but one eye, but boss, she can look powerful wid theudder one. An' I wants yur pessounal influence. If yer sees a man, no matter of he aint got but one laig, lookin' fur a wife, sen' him down ter ole Sam's house."

[Arkansas Gazette.]

A FUNNY OLD WORLD.—It's a funny old world anyhow, and taste is only a matter of education. Your hairy contendedly guns candy, the native Africu picuuniny is joyous over a mouthful of salt, and the young Esquimaux cries for tallow candles; we gorge ourselves with oysters while the Digger Indian would not give you one long fat snake for all the oysters in Chesapeake Bay. We, or atleast you chew tobacco, the Hindoo lime, and the unostentatious and not over fastidious Patagonian when he wants a chew of something real good, rolls a quid of gum into his cheek. That's the kind of a gunduro he is; and you couldn't hire him to chew tobacco, unless, indeed, he may have learned the habit from the missionaries.—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

The old saying, "Letting the cat out of the bag," has a thievish ancestry. It was formerly a trick among country folk to substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and bring it in a bag to market. If any greenhorn chose to buy a pig in a poke—that is, a bargain without examining the contents of the bag—all very well, but if he opened the sack, "he let the cat out of the bag," and the trick was discovered, and so the phrase passed into common use as applying to any one who let out a secret.

It is not humanity to let desperate convicts loose on a community that has already suffered from their outrages. It is difficult to convict a man in Kentucky, and when convicted he should suffer the punishment prescribed by law.—[Louisville Post.]

Chicago claims to be the only city in the world whose health department supervises the erection of every house built within the city limits.

Curious Rattle of Printers' Clatter.

The printer, children, is a patron of the art preservative of all arts but frequently has the art of getting a poor writer into pickle.

The printer sets while standing, and stands while setting.

The printer is not usually a wealthy person, but generally has a quon or two about him.

He sometimes does very poor work, but all his work, good or bad, is justifiable.

The printer does not often carry a cane, but you will almost always find him with a stick in his hand. Sometimes he is a stick himself.

The printer is a materialist. All his thoughts are upon matter.

Most men like to have things come out square at the end of each day, but the printer hates to be obliged to bring his work cut even. This sounds odd, but it is even so.

Though correcting his errors every day, the printer may all the time be growing worse.

Though a perfect Jack Spratt in his fondness for lean meat, the printer never objects to fat.

He is often a profound reader, but always dislikes solid matter.

The printer is like the actor in the fact that he hates to see a leggally array of empty boxes.

The printer may not be averse to poetry, but he detests pi.

The good printer is known by his form. So careful is he of his form, that he hates to see a leggally array of empty boxes.

The printer is not satisfied with thinking that his work is complete. He always wants a proof of it.

The printer is your true man of letters, though he may not be a literary man.

The printer is an upright man, but is frequently seen about the galleries.

The printer used to be a very bashful sort of fellow, but now that females are employed in printing offices he will set up with a girl six evenings in a week, and he goes to press every day.

The types of the human race are scattered all over the earth, and the printer distributes his types in all directions.

The printer is not necessarily a sporting character, but his form may frequently be seen in a chase.

The printer is often beside himself. That is to say, he frequently stands beside his frame.

Like the lawyer, the printer is dependent upon his cases for a livelihood.

When a printer has finished his job, he works it off.

He reckons his work by the token; by this token may you know that he gives you full measure.

Printers are frequently good Catholics, but monks and friars are abhorred in a printing office.

Much more might be said of the printer, but this must do for to-day. Let us close by hoping that when he becomes dead matter an imposing stone may be erected to his memory.—[Boston Transcript.]

BY THE RIGHT NAMES.—Smithkins is one of those precise, nice young men who have to part their hair in the middle to balance their gigantic intellects. He met a crowd the other day on the streets, and an old fellow in the party cried out:

"How are you, Mr. Smithkins?"

"My name is Smithkins, sir, I'd have you know, and a gentleman, sir, always calls things by their right names," answered Smithkins.

"Oh, does he? I didn't know it. Well, how are you, Mr. Darn Fool? Does that suit your ideas any better?"

The young man did not reply, and a feeling of restraint settled down upon the company.—[Steueville Herald.]

A illiterate negro preacher once said to his congregation: "My bredit, when do fust man, Adam, was created, he was made ob wet clay and set out agin de palins to dry." "Do you say," said one of the congregation, rising to his feet, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay an' set up agin de palins to dry?" "Yes, sir; I do." "Deu who made de palius?" "Set down, sur," said the preacher sternly; "such questions as dat would upset any system oh theology."

A youngster while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said: "Go away from the stove; the weather isn't cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, replied: "I ain't heating the cake."—[North Manchester Journal.]

In the office of a well-known physician in Pittsburg is preserved the "smallest heart that ever beat in a human breast, so far as the records show." The organ is less than one-fourth the average size, and, strangely enough, it belonged to one of the "biggest-hearted" men in the West. He was whole-souled, generous, sympathetic, gentle, and brave as a lion.

Vermont has made 12,000,000 pounds of maple sugar, and is hesitating whether to send it to the heathen in South Africa, or give it to the women in suffragists to be utilized by them in lobbying their bill through Congress.

A Cutty Baby.—Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the home of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only stop bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—[Traveler.]

Chicago claims to be the only city in the world whose health department supervises the erection of every house built within the city limits.

Webster as a Hay Maker.

Mr. John Taylor, who resided on the Webster farm at Franklin, N. H., tells the following about the "great Secretary." "One day we had fourteen tons of hay well made and ready to put in the barn in the afternoon. It was a busy day on the farm, and all who could handle a rake or a pitchfork were pressed into the service. When we came in to lunch in the forenoon, Mr. Webster entered the kitchen and in a playful manner and tone of voice said:

"John Taylor, when wages will you give me to work for you this afternoon?"

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